borne in a tempeſt,when my mother dide,this world to me is a laſting ſtorme,whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*,why doe yow keep alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers,ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*,the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you,Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruãt.

Dion. Come,come,I loue the king your father,and your ſelfe,with more then forraine heart,wee euery day expect him here,when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,blame both my Lord and me,that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes,go I pray you,walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mari. Well,I will goe,but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come, come,I know tis good for you,walke halfe an houre *Leonine*,at the leaſt,remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly,doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mari. My thanks ſweete Madame,Is this wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mari. My father,as nutſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed

good